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**ORIGINALS**

Ghosts in the Dark

CPYRGHT

by Vera Katsene

An announcement by the Committee of State Security, Council of Ministers USSR, concerning the arrest of L. M. Zarin'sh and L. P. Brumberg, American agents who had illegally entered the USSR, was published in the newspapers at the end of September.

Employees of the Committee of State Security, Council of Ministers USSR, have given the press information on material obtained from the investigation. Today we commence the publication of details which were brought to light during the investigation of the American spy case.

then

We first got to know/through what in legal terminology is called material evidence. There was quite a lot of it. The bosses - i.e. the American intelligence service - had not spared any means in assembling the baggage for Andy and the other spies for the trip to Latvia. Everything was carefully packed in bags and provision had been made for any eventualities. In the event their belongings had to be dropped from the plane, there was no need to worry; the articles would not be damaged by hitting the ground, as the bags were lined with foam rubber, soft as cotton. If the trip had to be made by sea, the water would not damage the equipment either.

Here is the radio set. "Made in USA." Is it powerful? Yes, sufficiently powerful to transmit information to the American intelligence center, which is by no means located across the ocean, as some naive people might believe. Spare parts and plastic disks with a diagram, which would enable even a

person not completely familiar with radio matters to make necessary repairs; cipher pads; chemicals for secret writing; forged passport and "Voyenny билет" blanks; stamps of various institutions. There is also a radio beacon on a collapsible tripod, which was intended for signalling enemy planes or ships and boats secretly approaching the borders of our republic; and medical supplies, from aspirin and pills for stomach colic to lethal poison. The latter had not been used, nor had the weapons been used, including the handy "Walther" and the heavier Browning, the cartridges, and the sharp dagger...

For whom were these bullets and knives intended?

They might bring death to any peaceful Soviet citizen encountering one of these men who, like a ghost in the dark, was stealing across the borders of our country. They might bring death to you, reader, or to me, or to our sons and daughters, brothers and sisters, husbands and wives. These "ghosts" entered our country in the name of death. They came to prepare the way for the horrors and destruction of war.

They all had the same boss, the American intelligence. The agents' tasks and their importance varied, but they served a single aim, dictated by the interests of those for whom war is the most profitable business. More than anything else they longed for a "hot war", which would reduce to ruins our cities, built up during the years of the postwar Five-Year plans, our factories, electric power stations, schools, and hospitals, all of which were built by the peaceful labor of the Soviet people.

These American spies, of whom we shall say more, have lived

in Latvia and called themselves Latvians. They deserted their homeland at different times, but for the same reasons: they fled from the Soviet army, some with the remnants of the Fascist hordes to Germany, and others across the sea to Sweden.

And now their travels are over. The results are summarized in a brief statement in the newspaper: The Committee of State Security has arrested the American spies, L. N. Zarin'sh and L. P. Bromberg, - "Lenny" and "Andy" as they were called in the American intelligence register.

No, they are not the only ones. Even earlier, agents of the American intelligence service - Herbert, Rickstin, and Boris, had appeared in Latvia. These vipers were from the same nest; Andy was the leading figure in it and the others were his students.

#### Andy Departs on a Trip

The moment had come when Andy himself, a figure of the first magnitude among the American spies who had been trained for operations in the Soviet Union, left on a trip to Latvia, his former homeland.

His homeland? No, this tall, broad-shouldered man felt no joy at returning. At the thought of the final goal of his trip, his eyes shone with an evil light and the two vertical wrinkles in his forehead became more deeply marked. He had not been here for a long time, more than ten years. During all this time he had learned only one thing: to hate his native land, to hate it as it was now - Soviet Latvia!

The feeling of intoxication which filled his head after having dined with John, American intelligence agent, in the Munich "Coliseum", had disappeared long ago. Andy was not a

weak-minded individual and he had the sturdy build of a trained sportsman. However, for some reason he was feeling very bad. Only a few minutes before, Andy had conducted himself admirably and even tried to joke, when bidding farewell to his friends, the American intelligence agents, with whom he had worked together in the spy schools at Kempton and Starnberg, here in West Germany, and later in the "Tagton" school near Washington, and other places. Even Kull and Dale came to see him before his departure from Munich to say goodbye and to wish him a good trip.

Dale, Kull, John... and many more American agents with whom Andy had maintained friendly relations, remained there, in Munich. They were well off. The White House was liberal with dollars, for dollars mean power, comforts, and pleasures! They can sit down in a tavern and give orders to the "natives" as much as they like.

Now a new stage in his [Andy's] life was beginning. He would have to forget his customary name of "Andy", which had been given to him by the American bosses. He would have to remember everything he had made others learn for several years, in preparing them for spy operations in Latvia. First of all, it would be necessary to memorize his new name "Edgar Petrovich Pimber," a worker in the Liepaja plant "Sarkanais Metalurgs." Over and over he repeated this name to himself. Andy had invented a detailed legend for himself and had fabricated counterfeit documents. True, there were some weak spots in the documents, [which could be] very unpleasant; they made Andy nervous, but nothing could be done about it.

The American bosses spared nothing in sending him to Latvia; 450,000 rubles is a lot of money. But Andy was not naive and was not convinced, as were his bosses, that money would be all-powerful in Soviet Latvia. Only one thing was clear: over there, across the border, his students - the American agents who had been dispatched earlier - had not had any luck so far.

Andy recalled the past and resentment filled his heart. Yes, they had hurt his feelings, now he could admit this to himself. He had not imagined his future role like this, when he had linked his fate with American intelligence. He had hoped "to play the first violin." True, all the time while Andy was working as an instructor in the spy school, he played an important role. He had been the right hand of the school director. Andy, and none other, had been the top expert on Latvian conditions. He taught the most important subjects, he taught his students how to collect information on the armed forces and instructed them on the system of state security organs, he gave a complete lecture course on Soviet laws and other important matters. That is the way it had been at the school.

However, Andy also felt that he was the only one who could direct the organization of the spy network in Latvia. This had to be an undertaking which he alone would direct, and for this the American bosses would not stint on dollars and rubles. However, to direct did not mean to participate personally in the risky adventure on the other side of the border. Andy was convinced that it was unreasonable to risk the life of such a valuable worker as himself.

And how did it all happen? At the time when the first

three spies - Herbert, Riekstin, and Boris - were being trained at Kempton, it was necessary to prepare them for dispatch to Latvia and to work out their mission. Andy thought it stood to reason that only he and no one else could do this with the highest degree of success. However, at this point Kull, a colonel of the American intelligence, appeared on the horizon and took matters into his own hands.

Who Was Kull ?

By nationality Kull was a Baltic German. He once mentioned that he had gone to school in Riga. However, he had served the American Intelligence Service long and devotedly and had completely assimilated the American way of life, a fact which he tried to emphasise in his relations with the "natives", the common working people of West Germany. And although it was clear that Kull was not anywhere as familiar with living conditions in Latvia as Andy, the former enjoyed more confidence.

The bitterness which Andy felt in relation to Kull had deep roots. This arrogant, Americanised offspring of Baltic Germans occupied the chair which fate seemed to have reserved for Andy. Besides, Kull did not conceal his haughty attitude towards Latvians in general. He frankly stated that it was wrong to recruit spies among the Latvians, and that it was much more expedient to select them from Baltic Germans, who also were fluent in the Latvian language.

Kull also said that in the future one should recruit spies among the Catholics; in his opinion, it would be much easier for them to find help and support among the Catholic clergy in Latvia. Kull had already succeeded in recruiting a certain young priest as a spy, who was suitable for this role in every respect. Only at the very end he did not pass the test.

Andy was notable for his excessive vanity; he was a careerist to the core and did not tolerate any rivals around him. Naturally, he hated Kull. The fact that Andy could not openly express his hostility towards Kull, who after all was his boss, made his hatred even more acute. What could Kull's subordinates, the Latvians, expect from him, when <sup>this "Ernst-American"</sup> he treated even the Germans the way a landowner would treat his serfs. Of course, he concealed his true nationality. In his relations



with the "natives" Kull showed a perfect combination of Baltic German arrogance and shameless Yankee cynicism; he not only was equal to his bosses, but tried to surpass them. Even by the loving attention he gave his dog, which was always in Kull's company, he tried to make a point of emphasizing his insulting and contemptuous attitude towards human beings. He used every opportunity to show his power and superiority, as an American, in a perfectly open manner.

For example, during one of his pleasure rides, he gave orders to stop the car at a suburban restaurant and rudely called out to the restaurant keeper to bring him, the American, a fried chicken to his car. The German innkeeper, bowing humbly, brought the chicken to the car in a minute. However, Kull took one look at the fried chicken and, shoving it in the innkeeper's face, exclaimed: "It's overdone!" They brought him another one. Again Kull did not like it: it was not fried enough. And only the third or fourth one finally was according to his taste.

The incident with the fried chicken was, of course, only a small matter - it was only one out of many, but Andy could not forget it. He could not help asking himself: how would Kull behave, for example, in an American-occupied Latvia, in relation to the Latvians, when even in West Germany he treated persons belonging to his own nationality in such a manner.

Kull was incredibly stingy. The Americans paid him, a colonel in the intelligence service, quite a large amount of dollars and in general did not spare funds for maintaining their spy school. However, Kull did not miss any chance of snatching something extra for himself. He often made his students sign documents for fictitious expenses.

That is the kind of man Kull was.

Although Kull himself insisted that the spies, Herbert, Riekstin' and Boris, had arrived safely in Latvia, the truth was that nothing sensible had resulted from this operation. To get into Latvia - that was only the beginning. Later Andy found out that Riekstin' had <sup>died</sup> ~~been killed~~ after only a few days in Latvia. As far as he knew, <sup>ever</sup> no intelligent information had been received from Herbert.

Andy was convinced that if the preparation of the operation and the further direction of the activities of the spies from the West German center had been entrusted to him, everything would have been different. Now a lot of time had been lost, and the results were nil.

Andy knew a great deal about Riekstin, Herbert, and the others. They were shady adventurers, like himself. The only exception was Lenis, the youngest one of all. Although the latter had less living experience, ~~but~~ he was morally a head above all the others with whom Andy had come in contact.

#### Who Is Andy ?

Andy, of course, considered himself above all the others and better trained than anyone else. As far as the training was concerned, he was right. The experience gained in the instructors' company in the army of bourgeois Latvia, in the NCO's training <sup>and in</sup> courses, in the police force, /the Legion, had been amplified by the latest technological "knowledge" in the field of spy work, which he had carefully studied together with the other trainees.

Andy could not complain of the Americans: they had evaluated him according to his merits, by sending him into Latvia. The assignment was actually very important and responsible, and at the same time extremely difficult. Only a thoroughly trained spy of high caliber would be able to carry it out. Andy's principal

mission was to establish a permanent residency of the American intelligence service in Latvia. During a period of several months in Latvia, he had to recruit and ~~personally~~ train the persons who would have to continue the work after Andy's return to the Americans. First of all, it was necessary to find people with whom one could leave all the "material equipment", i.e. the radio transmitter, radio beacon, etc., to train people in the use of this equipment for the purpose of maintaining regular communications with the center of the intelligence service in West Germany. Therefore, he not only had to recruit individuals who were suited for spy work, but also had to prepare and train them in the collection of necessary information on the Soviet armed forces, on the work of industrial plants, and other important data related to matters of defense and the national economy of the Soviet Union. It was necessary to instruct these people ~~in many~~ other technical matters pertaining to spy work, i.e. photography, secret writing, forging of documents, etc. Actually this meant going through a whole course of the spy school with them, and all of this had to be done in the greatest secrecy, since the work had to be done not in West Germany or England, but directly in Latvia.

On the basis of what Andy knew regarding the activities of the American intelligence agents, who had been dispatched into Latvia previously, one could not be too optimistic. Quite on the contrary. It was just the fact that he, Andy, would have to begin from the very beginning, which worried and depressed him more than anything. Whether he liked it or not, he had to admit that so far the American spy service had been unable to establish a firm foundation in Latvia; Andy would have to do this himself.

The mission was worthy of its agent, the only trouble was that it was terribly risky.

Andy was also dissatisfied because he was to be met in Riga by Herbert. He had never had a very high opinion of Herbert. And now the authorities had given strict orders that this same Herbert would definitely have to be brought across the border back to the Americans. Why? Wasn't it clear that Herbert had not rendered any particular services to the Americans?

It had finally become evident that for the Americans only their own aims and plans were important. They were interested in instigating war with <sup>the</sup> Soviet Union, and therefore they needed information on its armed forces. To Andy the most important thing seemed to be the restoration of the bourgeois system in Latvia.

Only the restoration of the bourgeois order would make Andy once more the sole owner of his large paternal farm. Not that he personally wanted to plow and sow and harvest. He had never taken part in that. Others had done so and would continue to do so, while he would live off the fruits of someone else's labor; it had been that way when, upon finishing school and military service in bourgeois Latvia, he loafed around Riga as a member of the police force, while his tenant was toiling in the sweat of his brow at the "Urle" farmstead in Kandavskaya Volost'.

If it were possible to turn back the wheels of history, Andy would, naturally, not be content with the position of some petty police officer in a "reborn Latvia." With the aid of the Americans, he would be elevated to high and lucrative posts...

Andy was over forty. He was born not long before the beginning of World War I in the aforementioned "Urle", as the only son of Peter Bromberg. His father died when Andy was 12 years old. The farmstead was leased to a tenant, while the only heir was attending the First Riga City High School (gimnaziya). Leonid Bromberg did not show any special aptitude in his studies; he received only three A's in his graduation certificate: in religion, gymnastics, and military training.

He volunteered for the army upon graduating from school. Bromberg remained in the army after the expiration of his military service term, in the capacity of NCO of re-enlistees. He served in the machine-gun unit of the Riga 6th Infantry Regiment until 1937, at which time he was discharged and joined the police force. He did not succeed in establishing a career in the police headquarters' company of guards. In 1939 he was promoted from the position of senior police officer of the guards' company to the 12th district. All in all, it was a boring life. There was no chance of advancement, when he was dealing only with riffraff and prostitutes.

In 1932 Bromberg enrolled in the Latvian University, in the forestry department of the agriculture faculty. His studies did not interest him very much. He did not like to tax his brain in this field of study, and as a result he was expelled from the university after 5 years for failure to make progress.

In those times it meant that the student had not passed a single examination. However, Bromberg had nevertheless had time to join the "Fraternitas Livonica" student fraternity, as it was proper for the son of a landowner.

With the establishment of Soviet power in Latvia, Bromberg had to give up his regular work, since there was no place in the people's militia for the son of a big landowner. He began to work as a norm setter in a laundry.

When the Germans occupied Riga, Bromberg rejoined the police force. He was appointed district police inspector of the Jugla district. This was an important district - it included Bikernieki, and the Bikernieki pine trees...

Andy knew quite well what went on in the Bikernieki forest during the years of the occupation. During his service in the police force of bourgeois Latvia, one of his characteristic skills was his perfect marksmanship. However, at that time he had no chance to use his skill on living people. During the occupation, this chance came to him in his own police district, and he made full use of it. Besides, this shooting at live targets - tortured, unarmed people - did not involve any risk for the marksman.

Thus, Bromberg spent the first half of the war - until the spring of 1943 - "fighting" in the police force. The newspapers were printing forecasts that the war would be over in the near future and were setting dates for parades of Hitler's army. However, a front remains a front, and the shooting goes on all the time. And it is not only the offensive army who does the shooting, but the defensive army as well. Bromberg did not particularly care to be hit by the bullet of a Soviet soldier. But in the interests of his career, a young man like himself could not spend the whole war sitting in the police force at the rear. Once the war would be over and he would be asked: what did you do to help beat the Bolsheviks?

In the spring of 1943, Bromberg enrolled as a volunteer in

the Hitler army, however he managed to stay in Riga: in the rear, where you are closer to headquarters, it is much easier to make a career. Besides, there was no doubt that it was much more pleasant to march through the streets of Riga in polished boots and a well-pressed uniform than to lie in dirty trenches.

In the training battalion in Riga and the military school of Bolderaya, Bromberg proved to be an "eager beaver". However, at that time his bosses, the Hitlerites, were having a hard time at Stalingrad. Finally, the day came when Leonid Bromberg was sent to the front. This was early in 1944. Bromberg became commander of a platoon in the regiment commanded by Krippen.

Bromberg has retained some very unpleasant memories of the only battle, at Velikaya, in which he took part. That was a veritable "devil's caldron". The Soviet troops broke through the front. Bromberg could consider himself lucky, when he found himself in a field hospital in Ostrov after being wounded and shell-shocked. After that, he spent two months in a hospital in Riga. During this time the Hitler armies were successfully "straightening out" the front in a westward direction.

In May, Bromberg was sent to Jelgava (Jelgava) and appointed deputy commander of a guard company. For a month or two, his unit was quartered in the pedagogical institute and was leading a quiet life, and then it suddenly received orders to march to Jonishai. On the way they met Germans, who had again begun to "straighten out" the front, but this time on Latvian territory. Bromberg shuddered as he remembered Velikaya and decided that the most sensible thing to do in a situation like this was to take to his heels.

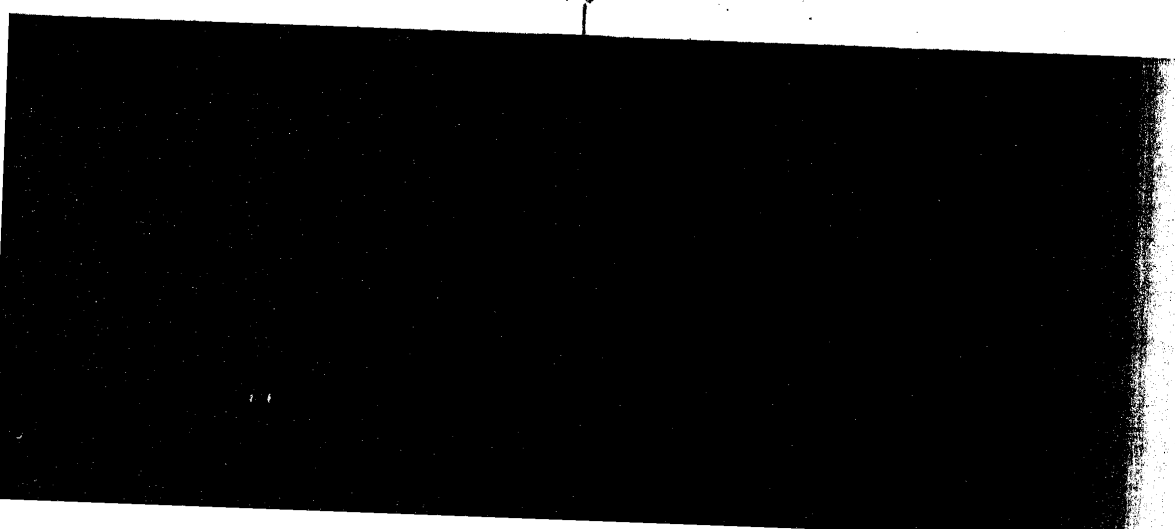
For some time Bromberg went into hiding in Riga at his girl-friend's place, on Indranu Ulites; and then he left for his native region [Kurzeme]. There he met his good friend Peterson, who later played an important part in Bromberg's fate. Peterson supplied the deserter with forged documents. In this way he remained in hiding in Kurzeme until the end of the war, while looking all the time for a possibility to escape to Sweden.

Doctor of Historical Sciences Ginter, former director of the Riga Historical Museum, had become in Pavilosta something like a chief of "ferrying service", who helped Latvian Nazis to travel by sea to Sweden. Together with this "doctor", as Ginter was called by everyone in Pavilosta, Bromberg sailed under a phony name to the island of Gotland the day after the capitulation of Hitler's army. At first they were interned on the island, and then sent to a camp near Stockholm.

In Sweden

Bromberg's memories of this country are not particularly pleasant. It is true, they did not keep him in the camp very long, but after he was released he had to engage in physical labor. First he worked at a peat plant.

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the trade of a weaver. However, in the spring of 1946 he returned to peat processing because of the extremely low wages at the weaving mill. In the fall, he went back to the weaving mill in Goatsborg. He also learned to tan leather, and he worked for some time at the tanning factory, where it was possible to earn more money but the work was very difficult. For a number of months he was completely unable to find work. Fortunately, at this time his good friend the dentist arrived in Sweden, and Bromberg used her benevolent support for a long time.

Settled on another shore of the Baltic, the former supporters of the Hitlerites and those who thought like them began to find new patrons to replace their bankrupt masters. Political parties and emigre organizations began arising, one after another, like mushrooms after a rain. Such desperate and ceaseless squabbles developed among these groups that the Latvian emigres became widely known in Sweden for their dissensions.

Even so, a front existed. From the very beginning the uncongenial compatriots were united by a common goal. On the question of anti-Soviet propaganda there were no disagreements among the leaders. In Sweden, Bruno Kalnyn' assumed a position of honor, considerably above the other participants in the front.

Bruno Kalnyn' began his dirty work as soon as the Soviet Army had smashed Hitler's Germany and the millions of prisoners in the camps of death gained their freedom. Among these freed prisoners was Bruno Kalnyn' himself. Since he immediately bared his teeth against the Soviet Union, whose heroic sons had brought freedom to him, Bruno Kalnyn' had evidently not dreaded his fate even in the Stutthof concentration camp. Obviously, he was not without reason considered an "honored guest" in the camp, enjoying all kinds of privileges.

Germany. He had many books at his disposal. Perhaps, even then he was preparing to earn "the academic degree of doctor of sciences" for spreading lies about the Soviet Union. When, with the approach of Soviet troops, he was sent to the safer rear area, Germany, the Gestapo in Riga kindly permitted him to send all of his books to his wife.

It is interesting to recall that in the summer of 1943 the Central Committee of the Latvian Social Democratic Party adopted a declaration, drafted by Bruno Kalnyn', which condemned the giving of aid to Soviet partisans. This meant nothing else than support of Hitler's army. As is well known, the Latvian partisans caused much unpleasantness for Hitler's army, particularly in the last period of the war when the battles for the liberation of Latvia were being fought.

After the crushing of Hitler's Germany, all of the Latvians freed from the fascist camps of death were seized with one desire, to return to Soviet Latvia. Only Bruno Kalnyn' was not thinking of this. On the contrary, at the meetings and conferences of the former political prisoners, he categorically opposed returning to his native land and immediately became engaged in the most unbridled anti-Soviet propaganda. From Germany via Denmark, he went to Sweden, where adventurers of various colors were streaming in from everywhere. There, he developed feverish activity, not forgetting to constantly assert that he was also a victim of the Hitlerites.

It is true that more than once during these years he protested with loud and sharp abuse against the fact that in London Latvian gold was being freely spent by the former ambassador of bourgeois Latvia to Great Britain, Karlis Zarin', who is now called the "Minister Plenipotentiary". There was one thing that Kalnyn' was envious of and that was the fact that Zarin' was living a life of ease in London, in the former private residence of the ambassador, having long ago registered it as his own personal property.

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in Western European countries. Nevertheless, Karlis Zarin organized a large group of escapees from Latvia of Hitlerite minions and of former leaders of Latvian fascist organizations. No small amount of Latvian gold passed through their hands for the needs of anti-Soviet propaganda. It is true that the messages and speeches of Zarin to his "dear compatriots" were hardly able to raise the hopes of the emigrants because the "Ambassador and Minister Plenipotentiary", as seen from his speeches, had no trusty allies, other than God, upon whom to place his hopes.

During these years, Milda Salnaya played a large role among the emigrants in Sweden. The spouse of the <sup>former</sup> ambassador of bourgeois Latvia was closely connected with the Swedish political police. Her word had no less weight than that of Bruno Kalnyn when the stay of this or that ~~emigrant~~ emigrant in Sweden was to be decided by the Swedish organizations.

Bromberg's friend Peterson was busy working for the unification of the former Ulmanists. Bearer of the "Knight's Cross" Riekstin, together with his fellow legionaires scraped together the organization, <sup>All this</sup> "Daugavas Vanagi". ~~hubbub~~ hubbub and commotion could upset even a relatively honest man.

At first, the escapees from Latvia, who were openly Hitlerite servants, quieted down and remained in the background. After a short while, they gained courage and their voices joined the general anti-Soviet chorus, directed by the emigrant "leaders". There unfolded a furious competition among the various emigrant groups, all striving for first place in the dissemination of their dirty lies about the Soviet Union. The pages of various emigre newspapers and the speeches of the "leaders" of emigre organizations and parties were saturated with animal spite and hatred toward the USSR in order to attract the attention of the rich bosses. Concerned with the fate of the fascist bands wandering <sup>some</sup> where in the Latvian forests during the immediate postwar years, some turned for aid to the Swedes, others

to the Americans. With the blessings of the Swedish intelligence service, several attempts were made to place spies in Latvia, but they failed. Now the American intelligence service heeded the call of the emigre leaders.

#### Several Years Later

Several years have passed since the termination of the war. The USA unleashed the "cold war" against the Soviet Union. The warmongers stopped at nothing to carry out their foul plans. The day came when Peterson informed Bromberg: "Now, our real work begins. Close contact has been effected with the American Intelligence Service. Write a biography, as detailed as possible."

And Bromberg wrote as Peterson told him. He wrote that he was an ardent Latvian nationalist and a sworn enemy of the Soviet Union. In a word, the truth about himself. He had to invent nothing.

Quite some time passed and all remained as of old. The new bosses were carefully checking the hireling who was requesting work.

Now Bromberg received the opportunity to render his first service to his new bosses. The Americans needed information about the Latvian emigres. Among them were people of various convictions and frames of mind, most of which did not agree with those propagated by the "leaders" headed by Bruno Kalnyn'. In order to find people who could possibly be of service to the American intelligence, it was necessary to possess great insight and be well versed in the emigre environment. With the aid of the emigres it was possible to establish contact with the right people, i.e. friends of the emigres living in Latvia, which was no less important.

Apparently, Bromberg's reports about his compatriot-emigres and their friends in Latvia completely satisfied the Americans, and convinced them that he, a former policeman, fraternity member, and lieutenant in Hitler's army, was very useful to them. He was given more important tasks. Now they began to talk with Bromberg about his trip to West Germany, where he was to become an instructor in the

spy school of the American Intelligence Service.

But before he was to be sent to Germany, it was necessary to recruit "pupils" for this school. They had to be carefully checked. Naturally, former legionnaires were selected as most suitable for the spy work.

At first three persons were mentioned: Herbert, Riekstin', and a certain Ansis. As far as Bromberg was concerned, he, frankly, did not expect to be given a responsible assignment in the near future. However, he was ready to do everything to justify the trust of the Americans.

Riekstin'

Riekstin's "Knight's Cross", received for selfless service to the Hitlerites, served as his best "recommendation". He used every opportunity to boast of this award. A son of a rich farmer from Matkul'skaya Volost', he was considered a suitable person for making a good spy. In Gosteborg, as mentioned before, he actively participated in the formation of the organisation "Daugavas Vanagi."

In other respects he also met the requirements of the Americans for intelligence service workers. In their opinion, the primary requirement was physical strength. They did not accept for work people of limited acumen or those devoid of education. Knowledge of the Latvian language was also required. 30 to 45 was considered the best age. A man's appearance should be average without distinguishing features. Naturally, an intelligence agent was not permitted to be intemperate with regard to alcoholic drinks, but this by no means meant that he had to be a teetotaler.

All that was necessary was "self-control", the ability to keep a firm hold of oneself even in a state of intoxication. An excessive interest in women was also undesirable. A spy could be a criminal, but not an inveterate recidivist.

The bearer of the "Knight's Cross" was very fond of wine and of women, but the high order, which had been awarded to him by the recent enemies of the Americans, played a decisive role.

Herbert

(Herbert) first  
He was dead drunk, when Bromberg met his future pupil ~~for~~  
~~the first time~~ at the time of his visit with Riskstin. It was not possible then to get to know him better or to talk to him, however Bromberg, ignoring the requirements of his new bosses with regard to drunkenness, gave a positive reference.

During the occupation Herbert volunteered for the Legion, from where he was transferred to aviation in the fall of 1943. However, when the situation at the front became precarious for the Hitlerites, Herbert considered it best to get out of the army. He went into hiding in Riga at the home of his mistress, where he met Lieutenant Sture of the Legion who was serving in the Kurelis formation. Herbert joined this group, and later on joined the "Jagdverband SS" under the command of Robert Sebris. This was a reconnaissance and diversionist detachment operating in Kurzeme. Its activities were directed mainly against the partisans, but the members of this group were also trained in diversionist tactics on the territory occupied by the Soviet army. This skillful company started to look for some new bosses, and having established contact with Sweden, began to handle the transport of Latvian nationalists to Sweden by sea.

On 8 May, Herbert and several others escaped to the island of Gotland.

From the very beginning of his sojourn in Sweden, Herbert took part in the preparations for dispatching a spy to Latvia. In Goeteborg, Herbert, who was working in a weaving factory, became acquainted with Riekstin and joined the organization "Daugavas Vanagi". Riekstin was the first one who suggested to Herbert that he work for the American intelligence.

#### In West Germany

Bromberg's trip passed without any complications. The Swedes raised no objections to Bromberg's departure. The Danes also promptly issued a transit visa to Leonid Bromberg, traveling to West Germany "on behalf of the emigrants' organization 'Daugavas Vanagi'".

It was a beautiful spring day when Bromberg stepped off the train in Munich. He immediately made a telephone call, using a number he had been given in Stockholm. The voice at the other end sounded familiar to him. No, he was not mistaken. It was one of his Stockholm acquaintances, the same one who had been trying all these years to establish contact with intelligence services of various countries. Bromberg immediately went to the apartment of the newly-baked Munich citizen. This apartment became their common shelter for a long period of time.

After having worked in the Swedish peat bogs and leather factories, Bromberg now had an easier life. The Americans paid well and for the time being there was not too much work.

The Americans were especially concerned that no one should enter the ranks of intelligence who was not sufficiently hostile towards the Soviet Union. Bromberg had to give the names of

personal acquaintances who could testify that he hated the Soviets with all his heart and that he ~~must~~ <sup>has served and will</sup> serve the enemies of the Bolsheviks faithfully and loyally. These witnesses could have their residence in any country of the world - the Americans would still find them and obtain the information they needed.

Bromberg received his first assignment in West Germany. He had to visit ~~exile~~ <sup>emigre</sup> camps, collect information regarding the camp inmates, and find among them persons who would be suitable for spy activities. This was familiar work. The criterion for evaluating any spy candidate was well known: the higher anyone was valued by the Hitlerites, the more brotherly blood he had shed during the occupation of Latvia, the better he would serve American intelligence. If a person had been close to a Fascist organization in Latvia, for example to "Perkonkruste", he was suitable to work for the Americans. It was just in these circles that Bromberg knew many people, and the Americans valued him highly. The management of the spy school could not have found a better assistant and consultant!

#### His Name was Boris

He was a few years younger than Bromberg and he was a man with quite a colorful past. His father, an ~~industrialist~~ <sup>industrialist</sup> in Latgale, had a large family. Boris was one of the youngest among the children. He studied badly in school. He was barely able to finish elementary school and then entered the Tesis (Cesis) trade school. However, in this school he spent more time playing cards and getting into all kinds of adventures than studying. He felt he was in the right place in the "Ugunskruste" organization. When this organization was closed down, Boris continued to "work" illegally. He was expelled from school, and for a while he was under arrest.



Boris lived at home, without working. After the death of his father, the management of the enterprise was taken over by Boris' older brothers. However, life in the family home did not particularly attract him. His family gave a sigh of relief when the youngest brother finally left for Riga. Here he made his living by doing odd jobs in the port, at the foundry, and in other places, until he got into jail again.

Boris also had some misunderstandings during his service in the army in Liepaja. From the barracks he came straight to the Sigulda peat bogs, where his former "bosses", Shilde and Platis, were already staying.

Yes, that Shilde !... The daring young fellow from "Perkonkrusts", who was considered "too strong" even by the Ulmanis followers, is now once more held in high esteem in West Germany. During the Hitler occupation, he concealed his true face of a rude, political gangster under the mask of a "nationalist, humanitarian, public worker". At the time when Boris and others like him served as common legionnaires, Shilde was an important person, i.e. head of the "People's Aid". At present he also participates in all kinds of activities which shed a warming glow *[i.e. humanitarian.]*

After a colorful life in East Prussia, Denmark, and West Germany, Boris finally became a prisoner of the Americans. There is hardly a place he hadn't been to during the postwar years. He even spent two months in prison. But wherever he was, he avoided honest labor like the plague. Now he was willing to work for American intelligence.

Andy understood that Boris could not be entrusted with any important assignment. Boris was a drunkard, a rowdy, a morally degraded man. Bromberg described him correctly: "You could make a bandit out of him."

In the camp at Augsburg, Bromberg found another suitable individual. The spy school needed an instructor in radio technique. The former radio-telegraph operator Sturitis, whom Andy had known a long time, was quite willing to take this job.

The preparatory work lasted several months. Finally, in November, it was possible to begin the training. The American intelligence officer Paul was appointed head of the school.

The students in this school were trained in everything that had any relation to spying and diversionist activities. Under present conditions, such a course comprises a wide range of subjects. A spy must be able to obtain information, which every country treats with the greatest secrecy. This includes information on the armed forces and defense industry and other matters pertaining to the defense of the country. A spy must supply his bosses with information on various objects of military importance, i.e. airfields, military ports, plants, etc., on the equipment of army units and their distribution and movements, on barracks and military warehouses, on the latest achievements in the field of arms, etc.

Bromberg began to work in the spy school as an instructor. He was the top specialist in matters concerning the Soviet security ~~organs~~ and army organizations, and he instructed his "students" in Soviet labor law.

In this first group, which began its training in Kempten, Leonid Bromberg stood high above the others as far as training was concerned. This was the result of his service in the instructors' company, his training in the courses for NCO's in the army of bourgeois Latvia, and his service in the Hitler army during the years of occupation. However, even the instructor

himself had to apply himself to studying. He had to master some complex, technical knowledge. Whatever Bromberg's first students were like, the instructor himself worked hard, striving to win the favor of his bosses and to justify the confidence he had been shown.

from the very beginning /  
However, the matter concerning the assignments and working methods of spies in Soviet Latvia caused serious disagreement between Bromberg and his bosses, especially the director of the school, Paul. Paul had no clear idea of what was going on in Latvia. For example, he assumed that armed groups, carrying on the fight against the Soviet government, were still operating in the forests. In his opinion, spies should establish contact with these detachment and work in close cooperation with them, and at the same time assume the "ideological" leadership and give the groups material aid.

Bromberg was more familiar with the situation in Latvia. He did not believe in the existence of armed groups. After all, several years had passed since the war. He had a different plan: the American agents should establish contact in Latvia with individual nationalists. Bromberg believed that the methods of American intelligence, which had been used during World War II in France and Italy, were no longer suited for work in Latvia.

When the training period drew to an end, the above mentioned Kull appeared in the school. He took over the preparation of the group for dispatch. To Andy's question why this matter had not been entrusted to him, he received the reply that he was to be given another important assignment.

#### Another Assignment

Spring came, and the month of May during which the trained spies were to be dispatched to Latvia, went by. However, Kull was still

roaming around in different cities of West Germany with Herbert, Kiekstin, and Boris, leading a life of revelry. This too was apparently part of the preparation for the operation; in this way Kull hoped to win the confidence and love of his subordinates.

However, a different assignment was waiting for Bromberg. He could be proud of his success. It appeared that Andy could be useful to his ~~many~~ American bosses over there, across the ocean.

In New York Andy was met by the same Kull. The spy school in Tainton was the new place of work for Bromberg. It was situated several kilometers from Washington, in a rural locality. The school, which occupied a detached building, was equipped with everything necessary, but was carefully isolated from the outside world. The only student, who was being trained in this school by 13 instructors, was not like the ones who had been encountered in Kempton, Sternberg, and other places.

Lenny (Lenis)

That is the name this student was given in the school. In Bromberg's opinion, he was the only one of the spies he had trained who could be entrusted with the most complex assignments. He could actually be made into a qualified intelligence agent.

It must be said that this time Andy was not mistaken. Lenny undoubtedly differed from the others. The way he got into American intelligence was different too.

Leonid, the son of a physician from Bene, was not quite 17 when the family departed for Germany. The front was moving closer to the Baltic Sea. Apparently, the old Zarink had a guilty conscience, since he considered it best to leave his native country. He was an "Aizeergs" with a fairly high rank, as well as battalion doctor.

Leonid was born, when Doctor Zarin' was still working in Priekule. Soon after that the family moved to Bane, where Zarin' acquired a house shortly before the war. Leonid attended school in Liepaja.

After arrival in Germany, the Zarin' family settled down in Meissen, where the father continued to work as a doctor. Leonid was drafted for work in the aircraft plant of Messerschmidt in Augsburg.

The parents, who were in the Soviet zone at the day of capitulation of Germany, managed to cross over to the West with the help of a clever manipulator and settled down in the British zone, and later went to Norway for permanent residence. In 1945 Leonid resumed his studies in school, and in 1947, after graduation, he entered the Baltic University.

Both in school and at the university the students, naturally, received the "proper" education. Day in and day out they had to listen to stories of the "terrible things" happening in Latvia. The systematic conditioning of the still flexible minds of the children and youths could not remain without results. Things were aggravated by the difficult living conditions. The Zarin' family did not have an easy life at that time. The anti-Soviet propaganda, which was getting increasingly stronger, was proclaiming the fact that it was not Hitler who was the cause of all trouble, nor the war criminals who were sentenced in Nuernberg, nor the traitors who had betrayed their native land and who were slinging mud at the Soviet Union without being punished, but it was the Bolsheviks [who were at the root of all evil].

In 1949 the Baltic University was abolished and Leonid Zarin', who had been granted a "YMCA scholarship", received

permission to go to the United States to continue his studies at the University of ~~Ichang~~ Louisiana in Baton Rouge.

After swearing before the American representative that he would be faithful to the United States constitution, Leonid Zarin' embarked for New York. From there he sailed south on another steamer and arrived in New Orleans. A group of American students welcomed him at the railroad station in Baton Rouge.

At the University of Baton Rouge, the YMCA influence was very noticeable. There were several churches on the university grounds, and some of them held daily services. The students began and ended each day with a prayer. The rules had to be strictly followed, otherwise it was possible to lose one's scholarship. So the future electrical engineer attended church regularly.

The YMCA, i.e. the Young Men's Christian Association, is an international organization founded in London in 1844. The emblem of the association is a triangle, which symbolizes the three basic objectives of its activity, i.e. spirit, mind, and body.

However, the aim of the ideological fathers of the YMCA was not to educate the young people in a spirit of piety and to strengthen their faith in a life after death. They always set themselves another, more worldly aim, i.e. to fight the country of the Soviets. The YMCA has been devoting all of its forces to the fulfillment of this aim since the day of the establishment of the Soviet government, and one of the principal activities of the organization in Baton Rouge was anti-Soviet propaganda.

From Europe Zarin' came to the United States, where the capitalists were making huge profits during the war years at the expense of the immeasurable sufferings of the people, and were now instigating a "cold war" with all the forces and means at their disposal. The flow of enormous profits derived from defense industry must not be allowed to dry up! Everything, including the church and the press, was placed at the disposal of the cold war. The pages of newspapers were filled daily with sensational news regarding jet planes, intercontinental and stratospheric planes, large-scale plans of sea battles, maneuvers in the Arctic, air maneuvers, and mobilizations. The terrible descriptions of the destructive force of atomic bombs held the nerves of the readers in a continuous state of tension.

This war hysteria had the strongest effect on the young people, who had already experienced the terrors of war and had seen the ruins of cities, the echelons of wounded, and sinking ships. Leonid Zarin' had seen and experienced quite a bit in his life, and he looked at life with the eyes of his father, the "Aizsargs."

And so it happened that Zarin' had a "brilliant" idea. If the Soviet Union was threatening the whole world, and if the people over there, according to the newspapers, were so strongly oppressed, it was necessary to destroy Communism from the inside and to split up the Soviet Union into separate parts: then the world would be saved! Leonid Zarin' wrote a whole "dissertation" on this subject and submitted it to the students' technical society, which he wanted to join. Such political dissertations enabled the heads of the organization to form an opinion of the level of "general development" of new members. Naturally, the "idea" presented by Zarin' was very much liked, and he was found worthy to become a full member of the American organization.

The idea of destroying Communism and the Soviet Union from inside was deeply rooted in the head of Leonid Zarin'. After one of the bellicose speeches of Truman, who was the United States President at that time, Zarin' supplemented and further developed his plan.

This was a detailed plan of breaking up the Soviet Union into numerous separate small states. For this purpose it was necessary to recruit inside the Soviet Union all anti-Soviet elements and to make use of the survivals of capitalism in the minds of the people.

Zarin' sent his plan to Truman himself. After a long waiting period, he received an answer. One of the secretaries of the President informed him that the ideas of the young "fighter" were worthy of consideration and that the "plan" would be turned over to specialists for examination.

Finally the day came when Zarin', who had meanwhile graduated from the university and was working at the "Bell" Company, was visited by one of these "specialists." He turned out to be a "fellow countryman", a man of about 35. He called himself Klyavin'. After questioning Zarin', Klyavin' suggested that he fill out a detailed questionnaire.

Once more a long period of time went by. Nothing changed in Zarin's life. He was being investigated ... And then one day Klyavin' called from Washington and invited the young engineer to come there for a talk. In Washington, Zarin' was introduced to some American. He was none other than the already known Kull. The latter spoke frankly and called things by their true name.

The suggestion to become an American spy, openly expressed, disturbed Zarin'. Kull tried to encourage the young man by



telling him that upon fulfillment of his mission and his return to America Zarin' would receive a large bonus, which would enable him to lead a life of luxury. If, however, contrary to expectations, something should happen to him, Kull would not forget Doctor Zarin', living in Norway, and would send him dollars every month ...

When Zarin' was busy writing his "plan" and sending it over to Truman, he had imagined things to happen somewhat differently. It never occurred to him that he personally would have to participate in the realization of his "brilliant idea." He was much more interested in a personal career, which could be achieved without much risk. However, here in the United States, to make a career it was necessary first of all to have dollars, lots of dollars. And that is what Kull promised him... In addition, supposing he would win fame as the "liberator" of his homeland?... Zarin' agreed to become an American spy.

As far as his health was concerned, he was considered fit for this profession. The only thing that remained was the "lie detector" test. This was a regular torture. The Americans completely trusted this diabolical machine and gave it great importance in the selection and investigation of candidates for spies.

So the young engineer fell into the arms of the "lie detector". His arm was firmly tied by a strap with a rubber pad, as it is done in checking blood pressure, and something was laid against his neck and his chest. Some character, who was in charge of the whole procedure, ran around Zarin', as though he was stung, deliberately creating an atmosphere of nervousness. He shouted

questions at Zarin' in a sharp, commanding tone, to which one had to answer quickly "Yes" or "No". Questions of the most unexpected kind were showered on him: "Are you a Bolshevik spy?" "Are you a British spy?" "Are your sexual inclinations normal?" etc.

This went on for 15 minutes. Then his arm, which was completely numb, was released. Zarin' was allowed to rest for 5 minutes. After that it started all over again, and new questions came pouring down on him. All this was repeated about ten times. The examiner ran around Zarin', covered with sweat and shouting in a hoarse voice, while the sensitive machine was automatically tracing a curve which indicated how Zarin's organism was reacting to certain questions. The curve was turned over to a psychologist for examination. The results turned out to be favorable for Zarin'.

Leonid Zarin' thus became the solitary student, who was trained in "Tainton", about 30-40 km [in Russian: "several tens of kilometers"] from Washington, thoroughly and over a long period of time, by 13 instructors. One of the instructors was Andy.

The school enforced a rigid discipline. Zarin', whom the Americans called Leniz, was strictly supervised; he was not allowed to meet anyone who was not connected with the school. The letters which he wrote to his parents were checked by Kull himself.

The training program in Tainton was very comprehensive, and was even more varied than in the West German schools. First there were the same technical subjects: radio, photography,

secret writing, coding, and explosives. He was trained in parachute jumping, for which purpose he was sent to a military unit in Carolina for a week. . Zarin' was trained in clandestine methods, methods of collecting information on Soviet armed forces, etc. Andy taught him all the details of the Soviet labor code. Questions of "legalization" (establishing legal residence) were studied carefully. Lewis was taught to forge documents and to use various types of communications. Lectures were given on methods of guerilla warfare. He had to master the art of surveillance, the preparation of secret reports, and the art of opening locks like a professional safebreaker. He was given to read "Cina" and "Zvaigzne", so that he would become familiar with living conditions in Latvia.

Zarin' also had to take a special course in chemistry, in which he was taught how to use materials for secret writing, how to substitute new entries in records for old ones, how to make paper look "old", and how to fabricate fake stamps.

The Tainton school also gave much attention to physical culture. Much time was spent in shooting practice and hand-to-hand combat exercises. Zarin' made good progress in his study of radio operations.

The training took a long time. However, when the training period was over, Lewis was equipped for dispatch in a great hurry, as this was necessitated by circumstances. Kull himself saw him off.

#### What Is Happening in Latvia ?

Kull assured Bromberg that in every instance the spies had been able to infiltrate into Latvia, this applied to the case of

the first three - Boris, Herbert, and Riekstin', as well as to Lenis. Riekstin' was killed. But how were matters with regard to the other, live agents ?

Yes, what was actually happening in Latvia ?

A great deal of what had happened in Latvia Bromberg was unable to find out even when he himself arrived in Riga. To tell the truth, he didn't have a chance to find out anything at all. However, the fate of his predecessors had been very strange.

Herbert and Riekstin' were infiltrated into Latvia at the same time. They did not know why Boris had been separated from them and what had become of him.

Both of the spies carried a lot of equipment, including a transmitter, and a large amount of money. They had a number of addresses, but they did not have exact directions as to where they could stay. They had to make their way to Riga.

The uninvited guests were first noticed in Aizputskiy Rayon. An alarm was given here and in neighboring rayons...

On the way to Riga the spies quite accidentally ran into a group of soldiers. Perhaps, if the soldiers had not been warned, the spies would have been able to pass without arousing suspicion. In order to cover up their traces, the spies were now forced to separate, i.e. to separate for ever. The transmitter and the money remained with Riekstin'. Herbert was able to hide only the radio receiver in the woods. Several days later the State Security men came upon the tracks of Riekstin'. He was staying at the house of his acquaintance in "Kurzeme Switzerland" [a picturesque, hilly region in Kurzeme].

As it became a bearer of the "Knight's Cross", Riekstin'

did not intend to surrender without a fight. Shots were fired on both sides. Riekstin' knew only too well that he could expect no mercy from the State Security men. On this day the inveterate criminal had to give up his life.

Without money and radio communications, shaken by his bad luck, Herbert made his way to Riga. Somehow he managed to settle down, and even to get registered for residence. After a while, he went to Kurzeme to pick up the radio transmitter he had hidden in the woods [TN: should be "radio receiver"]. Herbert regularly listened to broadcasts from the spy center, but he himself was able to send only enciphered messages.

After the shock he had experienced, Herbert was seized by a deep depression. He was constantly tormented by fear. This assumed the form of an illness. Every minute he expected to be exposed. This state of mind completely undermined his nerves, so that he was unable to transmit anything sensible to his bosses. In his letters to America he did nothing but beg for help. A new spy was hurriedly equipped for dispatch.

#### Lenis Is Sent to Latvia

He was equipped with everything, including a radio beacon, which was to show the way for American ships and planes. Lenis arrived in Frankfurt-am-Main by plane directly from Washington.

Everything had happened very quickly. In his pocket he carried documents in the name of Yuris Nikolayevich Vanags, employed in Leningrad.

During his flight from Washington to Europe, Lenis was concerned mostly with one question: how long he would have to remain in Bolshevik Latvia, and in what way he would be able to return to America under the protection of his bosses, in order to receive the promised reward. However, the accompanying

officer did not say a word about his return. Only when Zarin' himself asked this question, the American explained that he would be able to return through Sweden or Poland, depending on circumstances. Instructions would be given by radio.

Lenis was not given any instructions as to where he could stay after his arrival in Latvia. It is true that Bruno, one of the instructors at the spy school, gave Lenis several addresses. Among them was the address of a woman who lived in Riga, on Ulitsa Moritsa, and also several apartments in Upesgriva and Maruages. The only thing which was known about all these people was that after the liberation of Latvia by the Soviet army they concealed some Germans in their homes, or rendered some assistance to them. It was not known what their present attitude to the Soviet government was. In any event, they were not in contact with the American intelligence service.

The American intelligence employees had obtained many addresses and other information from the Germans who had arrived in West Germany from Latvia. Detailed information was received regarding acquaintances of these Germans, living in Latvia. These materials contained information on citizens residing in Riga, Dobele, Bauska, Ogre, Tesis, Tukums, Liepaja, and other places.

The American intelligence officers assumed that it would be sufficient to mention the names of certain Germans to these Soviet citizens, and for greater effect, to show them a photograph, in order to make them obedient and force them to open up their apartments and fulfill any of the spy's wishes, for fear that their former connections with the Germans might become known to the Soviet authorities.

There was no exact information available concerning the woman who was living in Tukums and who had been corresponding regularly with a relative in America. However, Zarin' was instructed to use the letters sent by her for transmitting his enciphered reports.

Among the persons living at these addresses there was not one who could be considered as a friend, or a person with identical convictions, who could be approached without any apprehension whatsoever. It is not surprising that Lenis, despite the fact that he was equipped with weapons and a considerable amount of money, felt lonely and deserted when he finally found himself on Latvian territory and began to bury his equipment in the forest, somewhere between Brutseny and Autes.

Lenis believed that his "arrival" in Latvia had not been noticed by anyone. But how would things be later, would he be able to fulfill the important assignments of his bosses? Lenis had to send in reports on troop movements and report on which airfields in Latvia jet airplanes were located. He was also instructed to establish contact with some mysterious underground organization and to give it material aid, and to organize reliable safehouses for spies with the help of this organization. It was also necessary to report on the attitude of the population.

Of course, it was imprudent on his part to go to Bene first. He spent his childhood there. In 1944, when the Zarin family left for Germany, Leonid was still in his early adolescence, and much time had gone by since then. In Bene the young Zarin' saw several familiar faces among the old-time residents. Why was Zarin' so sure that no one would recognize him here?

And not only that. The return to the environment of his childhood days could certainly not improve his morale. The conditions Lenis expected to find here did not correspond to what he actually saw. His father's house stood untouched at the old place. Strangers were living in it now. Nature does not tolerate a vacuum. The families had left, abandoning their home, and others had come in their place. Two railroad men, whom Lenis remembered well from his childhood, were calmly going about their business. A girl was cheerfully selling her goods in a kiosk; Lenis even exchanged a few pleasantries with her. The old owner of the kiosk went by. As far as he could see, people were living and working as usual.

Where were the feverish preparations for war? If the Americans were right, all of Latvia should be just one big military camp!

Zarin' traveled to Riga. According to his cover story, he was supposed to be from Jelgava; however, he knew that city very little. He had to become more familiar with Jelgava.

In Riga Zarin' hoped to find shelter for a night, using one of the addresses he had received from Bruno. He went to see the woman living on Ulitsa Moritza. It is true, she remembered the German he mentioned and thanked for the greetings, but did not offer shelter for a night. What had happened to the magic power, which according to Bruno was supposed to inspire any Soviet citizen with fear and trembling at the first mention of his former association with Germans? The same thing happened at the next house. It was suggested, in a pleasant manner, that he spend the night in a hotel. There was nothing else for him to do.



In the morning, on his way to the railroad station, Leni was reproaching himself. It had been wrong to remain in the city after these two women had politely, but firmly, refused to let him stay in their apartments. During the daytime, Zarin' felt unsure of himself on the busy streets of Riga.

Leni took the electric train to the Riga seashore. He spent the night in Valters. The next morning he took the small steamer to Jelgava. Returning to Riga the same day, he took a bus and traveled to Bauska to see his Aunt Cecilia, who had lived there before the war. It appeared that his aunt had moved to Sesava, so he went there. No, his aunt did not recognize him, so Leni posed as a schoolmate and friend of her nephew, Leonid Zarin'. After this his aunt questioned him at great length and with some distrust, and was quite surprised at the great similarity between him and Leonid. However, once he was a friend, she had to feed him well and put him up for the night.

What had caused Leni to act so rashly? Maybe the terrible feeling of loneliness? The desire to find at least one person who was close to him, a friend? Leni desperately tried to find a point of support in this land, which was his native country, but to which he had returned as its worst enemy.

After having been fed with weird stories about the Soviet Union and its preparations for war, and about all of Latvia being transformed into a prison, Zarin' became a spy. He considered himself a hero and believed that he was fighting for the liberation of his people from "communist slavery", and would help to destroy "militarism" from within, which threatened to destroy almost all mankind. However, with every additional hour

he spent in Latvia, his confusion increased. People here were living and working.

Lenis was filled with a feeling of confusion. His thoughts and feelings were all mixed up. It was impossible to unscramble his feelings with the help of the "ideological compasses" with which he had been equipped at the university and at the gym school. It is true, he had been given to read "Cine" and "Zvezdnye" at the Tainton school, but his teachers had always impressed upon him that it was all Bolshevik propaganda, and that the truth about Latvia could only be learned from emigre newspapers. However, everything turned out to be quite different...

With a heavy heart Leonid said goodbye to Aunt Cecilia and went back to Auce. He had to pick up some of the things he had left there.

Yes, his spirits were very low. During the few days he had spent in Latvia, he had experienced bad luck several times. More than once he had acted very thoughtlessly. But most of all he was worried by the loss of his wallet with money and a "Voyennyi bilet". The latter, of course, was forged. Apparently his wallet had simply been snatched from him during the rush on the train. He was suddenly seized by such a feeling of panic that he jumped from the moving train and started to run. He was not sorry about the money. But the "Voyennyi bilet!"  
the document  
It would suffice for him to fall into the hands of State Security men, and the alarm would be given; they would immediately find out that it was a forgery, and they would understand that an undesired guest had appeared in the republic. Lenis had no way of knowing that his lost "Voyennyi Bilet" was already in the hands

of State Security, who had found out that it was forged and that it had been made out on the same blanks as the one which was discovered some time ago in the pocket of the American spy Kiekstin, who was shot to death.

He also did not know that some of the people he had met in the last few days had found his behavior suspicious, and they had reported the appearance of the undesired guest to the proper authorities. Yes, the Soviet people had been vigilant.

The noose was already tightening around the neck of the spy, who had not even had a chance to start working. Leni came to his senses only when he found himself surrounded from all sides in the forest, near the spot where he had cached his equipment. He was invited to surrender. No, Leni still hesitated. He fired at random a couple of times. Then he raised his hands above his head ...

Can Bromberg Cut the Gordian Knot?

Or will he not succeed as did his pupils? Yes, what is happening in Latvia?

Bromberg directed his steps toward Riga. He had quite a bit of baggage with him. It was impossible to send it all to Riga at once. His anxiety increased as he neared the Latvian capital. Andy hid his belongings in the woods, not far from Kemer, thus breaking a rule taught to the students at the spy school. After all, even his nerves were not strong enough. Having forgotten to treat the cache where he had hidden his clothes <sup>with the preparation</sup> to prevent its discovery by dogs, Bromberg hurried farther.

At the 45th kilometer on the road from Riga to Tukums the spy left the woods. Stepping on his native soil after an absence of many years, he ~~felt himself at home~~ did not feel very well. The station of Kemer was not far and Bromberg hurried there in order to take the first train for Riga.

It was early and quiet reigned at the station. Bromberg sat on a bench. His nerves quieted little by little -- he was now far from the place where he had hidden his spy baggage. Bromberg had with him only his false passport and money. In connection with the money he also disregarded instructions. It was decided that he should take with him not more than 2,000 rubles, but he took much more than that from the large package.

Bromberg was overcome with <sup>fatigue</sup> ~~sleep~~ and fell asleep. Something softly touched his shoulder. Andy opened his eyes and stiffened with horror. In front of him stood a militiaman. "Caught -- flee" these thoughts flashed like lightning and for a moment his eyes reflected wild fear. But the militiaman, busily looking at the early passengers, spoke quite calmly and paternally explained "to the citizen" that sleeping was not permitted in the station.

Controlling himself, Bromberg muttered vaguely and disconnectedly as if half awake although his head worked with rapid clarity. Sleepiness and fatigue were snatched from him.... Anxiety stealthily entered his

heart -- had the militiamen really come upon him accidentally? Had he not looked too attentively and searchingly when he was awakened?

Calming himself "fear has big eyes" Bromberg, disturbed by none, entered the car. Nonsense! With so many summer residents and guests in Kemeri could the militiamen remember each one?

The electric train sped into Riga. Andy, sitting at the window, watched the rapidly passing scenery. How many times had he ~~previously~~ travelled the road from Riga to home and back, from the school, then when he served with the police. You know, his mother had lived there, in Urie. God knows, how his mother is. Is she still living? Could it be that she is in prison or in Siberia? Probably exiled, for it was known what her son was. All the same he would have to go to Pare. At the station there lived one of his mother's friends. She would know how things are.

Zasubuks -- this old station building has lived through two wars. Andy left the car and went to the Agenskalns market. He was hungry. Buying milk and rolls, he breakfasted. There it is -- the capital of Soviet Latvia, Soviet Riga. Automobiles, automobiles.... Crowds of people, all hurrying somewhere. The eye of the man, knowing Riga well, quickly noted each change, each new feature. They all live here, these bolsheviks, building.....

What was he to do now; where to stay in this city, which at the same time was both friendly and hostile. It was hostile because, he, Andy-Leonid Bromberg, was here as a bitter enemy, hating fiercely each peaceful ~~socialist~~ worker, each tree, each spreading flower, each house, all this abundant life.

Now, where to go?

Along Sarkanmijas ulitsa, where his <sup>old</sup> friend lived, with whom he served in the army and ~~and~~ with the police? Could it be that he still lives in this old wooden house? No, for his name is no longer on the little sign.

He once had a girlfriend who owned a grocery store on Pilarnisku

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ulitsa. Did she still live there? Getting off the bus, Bromberg was taken aback. How this area had changed! New houses had been built. Where was the old storekeeper now? Bromberg decided to spend the night in the woods.

The very next day Andy met someone who knew him. She was a 60-year old woman with whom he had stayed when he went to school. At that time she was his uncle's wife.

Where had Leonid been all this time? she asked. In a camp, in the east... For the first time Bromberg, carefully in keeping with the legend, told his story. After the war he spent many years in a camp, then he was freed, and now he was working at the "Barkanais Metalurgs" plant in Liepaya. He decided to spend his first leave in Riga. He also wanted to stay at his mother's. "Yes, I seem to have heard", answered his aunt, "that your mother died two years ago."

Bromberg wanted to find out things for himself. As a matter of fact, in view of his present position, it was just as well that his mother was dead. He again took the train for Pura. There, in her own little home, lived an old friend of his mother, and she confirmed the fact that his mother had died there at Urle and was buried in the cemetery not far from Kandava.

Having rested at Pura, Bromberg returned to Riga. Here once again he spent the night in the woods and then went to his friends who used to live on Indranu ulitsa. Both girl-friends were still living there. They greeted Bromberg as an old friend and did not refuse him night lodging. Bromberg's story about his stay in camp sounded credible, and he stayed with his friends several days.

Then came the day when it was necessary to meet Herbert. The meeting was to take place in the Meza Kapl (Forest Cemetery) at Chakste's monument. At the established time Andy went to the cemetery.

What had changed there during the years? Bromberg, with displeasure, noted that nothing had changed for the worse. At a funeral

service in the chapel the organ was playing peacefully and a priest spoke of eternal life. Braiu Kapi (Brother's Cemetery) appeared as of old and the Mother Latvia monument stood in its place. Bromberg remembered a radio broadcast he heard in Sweden, of either the "RBC" or of "Voice of America", according to which the cemetery was razed and the priests were sent to Siberia....

At the streetcar stop, old women, as before, were selling flowers and small wreaths. As of old, the women were tending the graves.

Around Chakste's monument, quiet, a characteristic of cemeteries, reigned. Here and there people were seen at the graves. Some time passed and Herbert did not appear. Andy felt nervous. His nerves were as taut strings. It seemed that all around was ominous silence and that thousands of eyes followed each of his movements.

Herbert did not come. Why? Had to be careful -- had to go around in the city a bit before returning to Indrānu ulīte.

Returning to the city, Bromberg bought a ticket at the railroad station and boarded the electric train. He tried in vain to locate a room in Vetsaki. Then he decided to try his luck in Sloka. This time he was lucky. First of all, he made sure that no one was following him. He managed to rent a room.

It was summer, vacation time, and it was no wonder that a resident of Liepaya, who wished to take the treatments in Kemeri, took rooms in Sloka,<sup>as</sup> there was not much chance of finding a place to stay in Kemeri. It took the electric train only one minute to go to Kemeri. Andy liked the electric train very much. A splendid connection with Riga. This would be useful to him when work began. Andy had no doubts that there would be work.

Late in the evening Bromberg returned to his friends on Indrānu ulīte.

Before dinner the next day, Bromberg went to the department store and, in order to complete his wardrobe, bought two shirts, a sweater, and some socks. At the arranged time he went to Shmerli, the next meeting place with Herbert.

This time the meeting took place. Casting a piercing, inquisitive eye upon Herbert, he thought with malice: "Turn out".....

Having said hello, they turned to their business. Herbert had nothing to report about Riekstin's fate. How were things going with the Americans' assignments? The answer was unfavorable. He hadn't been able to complete even one assignment for the Americans. Also, he was without radio communication, and had very little money left. It was easy for Kull to give orders and instructions about organizing safe quarters, but what kind of security could a spy depend upon? True, he was legally registered in Riga, but the feeling that he might be caught at any time never left him for a moment. He was tired to death of such a life. His nerves couldn't stand these miserable conditions. He dreamed of only one thing: to get out alive quickly and return to the Americans.

Bromberg asked Herbert a question which the latter couldn't intelligibly answer. "For what service could the American Intelligence Service thank Herbert and for what should they pay him dollars?"

No, he had done nothing to give him the possibility of expecting mercy from the bosses.

Now, how could Bromberg help Herbert? There was only one way to do something for him and that was to supply him with new documents and some money. The hundred-ruble notes, hidden in the woods at Kseri were genuine, not counterfeit. The Americans were convinced that money was the main thing. They could not imagine that there are some things in the world that money could not buy. In vain, Bromberg had tried to explain to them that money was not all-powerful in the Soviet Union.



Bromberg was somewhat glad about one thing: Herbert reported that in Riga, he found an absolutely trustworthy fellow, Fred; an admirer of a first cousin, with whom he was very friendly. According to Herbert, Fred was quite useful to them. It was clear to Bromberg that no serious help would come from Herbert himself.

A meeting with Fred was not to be delayed. He had to act. Bromberg didn't have much time if all the American assignments were taken into consideration. Then and there the meeting with Fred was agreed upon. Herbert was to arrange it.

They parted.

Arriving in town, Andy again dined at the bus terminal restaurant where he had been many times. The meeting with Herbert troubled him. It was now necessary to start all over again. Nothing could be expected from Herbert. Now, if Fred turns out to be a sensible fellow.....

It all ended quicker than Bromberg could have imagined. He was arrested the moment he arrived at the meeting with Fred.

Could it be that some one of the people Andy met reported him to the state security organization? This question was never answered for Bromberg. In the end, the important result was that the teacher as well as the pupils had failed.

To get his baggage in Kemerl he made a trip at state expense, accompanied, of course, by members of the Committee for State Security. Bromberg disclosed caches in which much equipment was hidden. It had cost the Americans thousands of dollars but it yielded not one kopeck. Once again, American intelligence failed miserably.

Herbert was also done for. He ended a little differently. Thinking out his position after meeting with Andy, Herbert came to the conclusion that he was no longer in favor with the Americans. No, intelligence workers made no joke of such matters. It was entirely possible that at the proper time Andy personally would finish him off. There was no

...again the border to the Americans or remaining here.  
...up and dirty that he didn't have the power to start  
...and change anything for the better. The simplest and easiest  
way out was to end it all. It was true that the far-away, trans-ocean  
bosses supplied him with poison, having in mind its use under different  
circumstances. But it was all the same to Herbert. <sup>(He was)</sup> The end of every-  
thing.

Bromberg was to meet Fred once again. As one familiar with the  
activities of American intelligence agents in Latvia, Fred, an  
operational worker of the Committee of State Security, was given the  
questioning of the prisoner, Bromberg. So it happened -- such things  
are found not only in novels.

Bromberg's American bosses again have thrown a large sum of  
money to the winds --- not counting dollars, about half a million  
soviet rubles, which they obtained only with difficulty. The teacher  
as well as his pupils did not complete the job.

Such is the true story about ghosts in the dark who succeed  
in stealing across the border of our country with weapons,  
radio stations, and poison in cases and pockets. This briefly exposes  
the facts which the unlucky hirelings of the intelligence service of  
the West have told about their activities in the West and in Latvia.